ZOO

Threads of Ekatachrome
Zoo Train

Reflections
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The zoo train. I think this may have been the only time we ever rode it. In my memory the whole place was strangely empty. No crowds, no other kids. It even feels like my mom might have taken us out of school that day so we could go — that's how quiet it seemed. I wonder what kind of dress she wore.

My brother Mickey is behind me, amused and relaxed, and I'm in the front with that wide-open face — bright, smiling, completely entranced. The same ears as my father and grandfather, times two. The Mr. Noble haircut with the little front sweep.

This was Packy the elephant era. *"All the elephants in the zoo are jumping up and down for you…"* I can hear it faintly somewhere in the background — the kind of thing that never really goes away.

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